

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

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The Adventures of Two Knights of the Wayside.

(Continued)

Poor Rushi Ben Growli was about to swear off drinking the sweet nectar of hops and the ambrosial three star, or do anything only to be saved from his pursuers, when the proverbial straw came to him. Rushi soliloquizes: "Well, as Burns says, 'It's a long way that has no silver lining, and a rolling stone is worth two in the bush,' so here goes."

The reason he became so optimistic all at once could be seen on the window-sill of a farmhouse nearby. Three generous pumpkin pies lay there smoking and exuding a most tempting odor. Rushy knew that with two such pies in his hand he could readily brave the terrors of Weary's wrath.

Slipping silently through the gate, Rushi approached the window on tip-toe. Just as he was about to pick up the dainty morsels a broom came down on the place where he ought to have had a head. On looking round, what was his amazement when two brawny arms encircled him and their owner began raining tears of joy on his shoulders, exclaiming: "My Percy, have you at last come back to your Mabel."

Sure enough, it was she, the wife whom he had cruelly deserted to follow the wanderlust. She, in her whole-souled forgiveness, did not remind him of his fault, but, after feeding him with pumpkin pies, put him at his ease. Rushi told her all that had happened and of his dreaded pursuers.

When Weary Al Ragged and Dusty Al Rhoady saw the amazon protectress of Rushi, they decided to continue on their journey.

"No good ever came from horse-stealing," Weary philosophized. "Just think after all our years of unrestrained freedom, poor Rushi had to meet his wife again. Come on, Dusty, hit the high spots, Rushi is punished enough."

After two days of joy-riding, they at last arrived at Lafayette. After drinking two or three steins of dark Berghoff, they began to realize the dreadful

calamity that befell their friend. After the sixth stein, they began to cry over it and indeed felt sorry for him.

"Since you lost your faithful companion, come and travel with me," Dusty said to Weary. Weary readily consented. If you ever see two ragged individuals driving along in a 1900 model Maxwell, you will no doubt recognize our adventurous friends.

Someone may ask what became of the bulldog that was following the machine. He died the death of a hero. Coming up too close to the machine, he breathed in some of the exhaust, and expired immediately.

(Finis)

Basket Ball Outlook.

There is much enthusiasm being shown in the tryout games for the Varsity Basketball team. About twenty candidates are trying for a place on the team. Many of these, however, will not be eligible on account of the grades given to them in the last examination. Nevertheless, the best material is out for practice, and that is what we want. St. Joe has some hard games to play this season. Our team, therefore, must come up to, if not surpass, the standard of former years.

Some of these games, which are already scheduled, are:

Two games with St. Viator's College.

Two games with St. Ignatius College.

Two games with the Indianapolis Dental College.

Two games with South Bend.

Other games will be published as they are scheduled. Some of these teams mentioned are, as we have reason to know, not to be despised. However, with much practice and good team work we have no doubt that St. Joe will continue to bring home the bacon.

Loughrey: "Say, Godfrey, lend me a nickel, will you?"

Godfrey: "Sure, have you change for a half dollar?"

"Harvard" 19 vs. "Yale" 8.

Sunday, November 7, witnessed the mighty struggle between two never-sweat elevens on the campus gridiron. The teams were pretty evenly matched, and as they came upon the field decked out in borrowed armor, they were the mildest looking bunch of bone-crackers that ever trod on leather cleats. The crowds which had gathered to witness the struggle welcomed the warriors with a varied assortment of laughs and shouts, no doubt deeming the coming contest an athletic farce; but not long after the starting whistle sounded they became cognizant of the fact that the untried teams are made of sterner stuff. During the entire first half Kuhn bucked his fighting machine against McGahey's eleven in a series of invincible line plunges which several times carried the ball to within a few yards of the goal line but did not succeed in forcing it over. Fogarty was the big factor in these plays, and when once he had gotten the ball within his clutches and started to stride through the line nothing but the referee's whistle was able to stop him. Fortman, Harvard's fullback, started things when he caught Deery's forward pass to right end, and with an open field ahead made a sixty-five yard run to touchdown with Joe Wonderly hot at his heels.

Yale scored first in the second half by a touchback, which was followed shortly by Kuntz's touchdown. But they stopped there, and Harvard—whom it had taken all this time to learn how to hold the line against the furious assaults of Joe Wonderly and how to bring Deery down from his airy heights and make him holler "Down"—Harvard woke up and began work. Their courage and enthusiasm awakened, they swept down the field twice in the last quarter and two touchdowns, bringing the final score to 18 against their opponents' score of 8.

You hear a hurried rush behind you; you become frightened; you glance back and jump swiftly aside, just in time to escape being knocked flat by a dashing youngster. At his heels crowd many more; you are pushed into a corner and stand there trying to regain some degree of composure. In confusion and uproar they pile past you. You become dizzy at the sight of so many panting, red-faced, anxious-looking creatures. The whole corridor resounds with the tread of many feet. Pencils and books fly through the air, and above all can be heard the clear-ringing cry, "Make way for English Fourth!"

This Year's Basket Ball Rules.

The basket ball rules this year are more precise and stricter than at any other period in basket ball history. The rules governing the manner of playing may be sifted down to this: All unnecessary bodily contact or interference with the players is illegal; play the ball, not the man. More particularly the changes in last year's rules and all important features in the new rules are:

1. After a dribble a shot for goal is permitted.
2. At the instant the ball in the course of a dribble is touched simultaneously by both hands or comes to rest in one hand, the dribble terminates and the ball must be passed or thrown for the goal.
3. A player is disqualified for committing four personal fouls.
4. In the situation commonly known as "three men in," a foul is committed only when the third player charges in and makes bodily contact with an opponent.
6. On a free trial for goal, as soon as the ball hits the basket or the background the players may enter the free throw lane.

The rules governing holding, blocking and charging are very strict and in consequence it is much easier to foul.

You, who intend playing the game this season, please remember that it is the team which plays the cleanest game which will win out in the end. The officials will be very strict this year and you will find it expensive to ignore the rules.

LOCALS.

Albrecht has been setting traps in the Faculty Building. He says, "There are too much rats down there."

Beckert: Would you throw up your cap if Carranza rode by?

Scanlon: My dear friend, I am not in the habit of eating my caps!

English Prof.: Hession, give me a sentence with the word "metaphysician."

Hession: As I went to town I met-a-physician.

Kennedy: Are you Hungary?

Grandpre: Yes, Siam.

Kennedy: Well, come along, I'll Fiji.

Heard on most any dark night near the southeast corner of Upper Study Hall:

"Someone comfort me please,
For around my head swarm bees,
And on my brain, how sad to tell,
Doth a great big-bug dwell."

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Minimisms.

Countin' our blessin's over, let's not forget to be thankful for those philanthropic fellow-students to whose kindly thoughtfulness we owe so much of our happiness here in Collegeville. There is the jolly rascal whose hearty nature is so permeated with fun that not even the sleepful darkness of a Sunday night and the oppressive quiet of a dormitory can prevent his humor from bursting out in such delightful pranks as to drive dull care away from even Brother William and make him forget to give us a long Monday morning sleep. Then there are those playful little creatures, whose care-free natures we all so much admire, and whose dexterity in throwing onions about the refectory we enjoy so much that the pleasure of dining pales beside that greater pleasure; and the good Sisters, fearing lest we should lose all interest in our meals, feel it necessary to cease putting onions on the tables and may soon come to the same conclusion about the apples. And we must not forget the dear boys, whose loving dispositions awake such reciprocal feelings in our breasts that we grow jealous of their love for rustic nature, which love so transports them when out in the country on a free day that they grow oblivious of such base realities as fences, gates and farm buildings. And let us be thankful for the truly American-spirited lad whose freedom and independence laugh so heartily at rules and regulations that we poor unfortunates, who are so unpatriotic as to subject ourselves to rules, are to our great joy treated to more rules and stricter enforcement of rules already existing.

These and many other generous spirits may the good Lord bless—with greater wisdom and discretion.

Hermiller said if beer were put up in milk bottles he would be a baby all his life.

In the Desert.

The wind rose higher and higher; thicker and faster fell the snow; so dense was the darkness that it was only with difficulty one could find his way. It was a real winter night in Collegeville.

A number of students quit the smoking room and set out for the Main Building. But, oh, horrible thought! They have lost their way, and stand huddled together on the open desert surrounding the gym. When they realize that all is over and that they must now give up the ghost, their thoughts turn to the contemplation of their past lives. They remember distinctly every cigarette which they have smoked; they recall how many hours they have misused in the study hall, and how often they took more than their share of pie at table. Their bodies are becoming numb and they are sinking slowly to the ground, when Ho! What's this? A light! Saved!

They rush eagerly towards it and enter the building. So pleased are they at having escaped that they buy a bag of jelly beans and offer some to Beck and Stewart, whose light had saved them.

I. B. A.—?

A Perilous Adventure.

One day last week while Leopold, Miebles and Hildebrand were taking their morning ambulation and discussing the different phases of institutionalism, they were attacked and almost overwhelmed by a number of squirrels. So suddenly it happened that the three boys, though they fought valiantly, thought their last hour was approaching.

But just as the greedy animals were about to appease their appetites with the poor boys, Sansbury, Bignani and Overton hove into view. Our three unfortunates ran in their direction, the squirrels in hot pursuit. As they passed the above trio, the squirrels, scenting nobler game, took up the new trail. But here too they were baffled; for those gentlemen long used to such chases, had soon hopelessly outdistanced them. Leopold, Miebles, and Hildebrand were scared more than hurt, but they are fully determined to follow advice hereafter.

A New Hope schoolmaster asked one of his pupils why she had been absent. "Where have you been?" "I was down to my aunt who has tuberculosis." "Has she consumption?" "Oh, no, she's got both."

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